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their sport become his punishment. What is the result of these two modes of discipline? We have excellent horses, but they keep the breed. We refresh our exhausted race from that source of vitality and high qualities, and ask of love new victims for selfishness, new capacity to endure pain. How philosophically do the people characterize the education we give to these beasts when they say that the horse is broken—thoroughly broken! What more natural than that a broken sire should beget fractions of sons. So we ask barbarians for pure blood, and confess that our system, like a withering fire, consumes its own elements.

HOBATIO GREENOUGH.

The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character. By JOHN RUSKIN.

No. 8.—THE VILLA.

1. THE MOUNTAIN VILLA.—LAGO DI COMO.

(Continued.)

HAVING considered the propriety of the approach, it remains for us to investigate the nature of the feelings excited by the villas of the Lago di Como in particular, and of Italy in general. We mentioned that the bases of the mountains bordering the Lake of Como, were chiefly composed of black marble; black, at least, when polished, and very dark grey in its general effect. This is very finely stratified in beds, varying in thickness from an inch to two or three feet; and these beds taken of a medium thickness form flat slabs, easily broken into rectangular fragments, which, being excessively compact in their grain, are admirably adapted for a building material. There is a little pale limestone among the hills to the south; but this marble, or primitive limestone (for it is not highly crystalline), is not only more easy of access, but a more durable stone. Of this, consequently, almost all the buildings on the lake shore are built; and, therefore, were their material unconcealed, would be of a dark, monotonous, and melancholy grey tint, equally uninteresting to the eye, and depressing to the mind. To prevent this result, they are covered with different compositions, sometimes white, more frequently cream-colored, and of varying depth; the mouldings and pilasters being frequently of deeper tones than the walls. The insides of the grottoes, however, when not cut in the rock itself, are left uncovered, thus forming a strong contrast with the whiteness outside; giving great depth, and permitting weeds and flowers to root themselves on the roughnesses, and rock streams to distill through the fissures of the dark stones; while all parts of the building to which the eye is drawn, by their form or details (except the capitals of the pilasters), such as the urns, the statues, the steps, or balustrades, are executed in very fine white marble, generally from the quarries of Carrara, which supply quantities of fragments of the finest quality, which, nevertheless, owing to their want of size, or to the presence of conspicuous veins, are unavailable for the higher purposes of sculpture. Now, the first question is, is this very pale color desirable? It is to be hoped so, or else the whole of Italy must be pronounced full of

impropriety. The first circumstance in its favor, is one which, though connected only with lake scenery, we shall notice at length, as it is a point of high importance in our own country. When a small piece of quiet water reposes in a valley, or lies embosomed among crags, its first beauty is derived from our perception of crystalline depth, united with excessive slumber. In its limited surface we cannot get the sublimity of extent, but we may have the beauty of peace and the majesty of depth. The object must therefore be, to get the eye off its surface, and to draw it down, to beguile it into that fairy land underneath, which is more beautiful than what it repeats, because it is all full of dreams unattainable and illimitable. This can only be done by keeping its edge out of sight, and guiding the eye off the land into the reflection, as if it were passing into a mist, until it finds itself swimming into the blue sky, with a thrill of unfathomable falling. (If there be not a touch of sky, at the bottom, the water will be disagreeably black, and the clearer the more fearful.) Now, one touch of white reflection of an object at the edge, will destroy the whole illusion, for it will come like the flash of light on armor, and will show the surface, not the depth: it will tell the eye whereabouts it is; will define the limit of the edge; and will turn the dream of limitless depth into a small, uninteresting, reposeless piece of water. In all small lakes or pools, therefore, steep borders of dark crag or of thick foliage, are to be obtained, if possible; even a shingly shore will spoil them; and this was one reason, it will be remembered, for our admiration of the color of the Westmoreland cottage, because it never broke the repose of water by its reflection. But this principle applies only to small pieces of water, on which we look down, as much as along the surface. As soon as we get a sheet, even if only a mile across, we lose depth; first, because it is almost impossible to get the surface without a breeze on some part of it; and again, because we look along it, and get a great deal of sky in the reflection, which, when occupying too much space, tells as mere flat light. But we may have the beauty of extent in a very high degree; and it is therefore desirable to know how far the water goes, that we may have a clear conception of its space. Now, its border, at a great distance, is always lost, unless it be defined by a very distinct line; and such a line is harsh, flat, and cutting on the eye. To avoid this, the border itself should be dark as in the other case, so that there may be no continuous horizontal line of demarcation; but one or two bright, white objects should be set here and there, along or near the edge: their reflections will flash on the dark water, and will inform the eye in a moment of the whole distance and transparency of the surface it is traversing. When there is a slight swell on the water, they will come down in long, beautiful, perpendicular lines, mingling exquisitely with the streaky green of reflected foliage; when there is none, they become a distinct image of the object they repeat, endowed with infinite repose. These remarks, true of small lakes whose edges are green, apply with far greater force to sheets of water on which the eye passes over ten or twenty miles in one long glance, and the prevailing color of whose borders is,

as we noticed when speaking of the Italian cottage, blue. The white reflections are here excessively valuable, giving space, brilliancy, and transparency; and furnish one very powerful apology, even did other objections render an apology necessary, for the pale tone of the color of the villas, whose reflections, owing to their size and conspicuous situation, always take a considerable part in the scene, and are therefore things to be attentively considered in the erection of such buildings, particularly in a climate whose calmness renders its lakes quiet for the greater part of the day. Nothing, in fact, can be more beautiful, than the intermingling of these bright lines with the darkness of the reversed cypresses seen against the deep azure of the distant hills in the crystalline waters of the lake, of which some one aptly says, "Deep within its azure rest, white villages sleep silently;" or than their columnar perspective, as village after village catches the light, and strikes the image to the very quietest recess of the narrow water, and the very furthest hollow of the folded hills. From all this, it appears that the effect of the white villa in water is delightful. On land it is quite as important, but more doubtful. The first objection which strikes us immediately when we *imagine* such a building is, the want of repose, the startling glare of effect, induced by its unsubdued tint. But this objection does not strike us when we *see* the building; a circumstance which was partly accounted for before, in speaking of the cottage, and which we shall presently see further cause not to be surprised at. A more important objection is, that such whiteness destroys a great deal of venerable character, and harmonizes ill with the melancholy tones of surrounding landscape: and this requires detailed consideration. Paleness of color destroys the majesty of a building; first, by hinting at a disguised and humble material; and secondly, by taking away all appearance of age. We shall speak of the effect of the material presently; but the deprivation of apparent antiquity is dependent, in a degree, on the color, and in Italy, where, as we saw before, everything ought to point to the past, is a serious injury, though, for several reasons, not so fatal as might be imagined; for we do not require, in a building raised as a light summer-house wherein to while away a few pleasure hours, the evidence of ancestral dignity, without which, the château or palace can possess hardly any beauty. We know that it is originally built rather as a plaything than a monument; as the delight of an individual, not the possession of a race; and that the very lightness and carelessness of feeling with which such a domicile is entered and inhabited by its first builder would demand, to sympathize and keep in unison with them, not the kind of building adapted to excite the veneration of ages, but that which can most gaily minister to the amusement of hours. For all men desire to have memorials of their actions, but none of their recreations; inasmuch as we only wish that to be remembered which others will not, or cannot perform or experience; and we know that all men can enjoy recreation as much as ourselves. We wish succeeding generations to admire our energy, but not even to be aware of our lassitude; to know when we moved, but not

when we rested; how we ruled, not how we condescended; and, therefore, in the case of the triumphal arch, or the hereditary palace, if we are the builders, we desire stability; if the beholder, we are offended with novelty; but, in the case of the villa, the builder desires only a correspondence with his humor; the beholder, evidence of such correspondence; for he feels that the villa is most beautiful, when it ministers most to pleasure; that it cannot minister to pleasure without perpetual change, so as to suit the varying ideas and humors, and imaginations of its inhabitant; and that it cannot possess this light and variable habit with any appearance of antiquity. And, for a yet more important reason, such appearance is not desirable. Melancholy, when it is productive of pleasure, is accompanied either by loveliness in the object exciting it, or by a feeling of pride in the mind experiencing it. Without one of these it becomes absolute pain, which all men throw off as soon as they can, and suffer under as long as their minds are too weak for the effort. Now, when it is accompanied by loveliness in the object exciting it, it forms beauty; when by a feeling of pride, it constitutes the pleasure we experience in tragedy, when we have the pride of endurance, or in contemplating the ruin, or the monument, by which we are informed or reminded of the pride of past. Hence it appears, that age is beautiful only when it is the decay of glory or of power, and memory only delightful when it reposes upon pride. All remains, therefore, of what was merely devoted to pleasure; all evidence of lost enjoyment; all memorials of the recreation and rest of the departed; in a word, all desolation of delight, is productive of mere pain; for there is no feeling of exultation connected with it. Thus, in any ancient habitation, we pass with reverence and pleasurable emotion through the ordered armory, where the lances lie with none to wield; through the lofty hall, where the crested scutcheons glow with the honor of the dead; but we turn sickly away from the arbor which has no hand to tend it, and the boudoir which has no life to lighten it, and the smooth sward which has no light feet to dance on it. So it is in the villa; the more memory the more sorrow; and, therefore, the less adaptation to its present purpose. But, though cheerful, it should be ethereal in its expression; "spiritual" is a good word, giving ideas of the very highest order of delight that can be obtained in the mere present. It seems, then, that for all these reasons an appearance of age is not desirable, far less necessary, in the villa; but its existing character must be in unison with its country; and it must appear to be inhabited by one brought up in that country, and imbued with its national feelings. In Italy, especially, though we can even here dispense with one component part of elevation of character, age, we must have all the others: we must have high feeling, beauty of form, and depth of effect, or the thing will be a barbarism; the inhabitant must be an Italian, full of imagination and emotion; a villa inhabited by an Englishman, no matter how close its imitation of others, will always be preposterous. We find, therefore, that white is not to be blamed in the villa for destroying its antiquity; neither is it reprehensible, as harmonizing ill with

the surrounding landscape; on the contrary it adds to its brilliancy, without taking away from its depth of tone. We shall consider it as an element of landscape, more particularly, when we come to speak of grouping. There remains only one accusation to be answered, viz. that it hits at a paltry and unsubstantial material; and this leads us to the second question, is this material allowable? If it were distinctly felt by the eye to be stucco, there could be no question about the matter—it would be decidedly disagreeable; but all the parts to which the eye is attracted are executed in marble, and the stucco merely forms the dead flat of the building, not a single wreath of ornament being formed of it. Its surface is smooth and bright, and altogether avoids what a stone building, when not built of large masses, and uncharged with ornament, always forces upon the attention, the rectangular lines of the blocks, which, however nicely fitted they may be, are "horrible! most horrible!" There is also a great deal of ease and softness in the angular lines of the stucco, which are never sharp or harsh like those of stone; and it receives shadows with great beauty, a point of infinite importance in this climate; giving them light and transparency, without any diminution of depth. It is also rather agreeable to the eye to pass from the sharp carving of the marble decorations to the ease and smoothness of the stucco; while the utter want of interest in those parts which are executed in it prevents the humility of the material from being offensive; for this passage of the eye from the marble to the composition is managed with the dexterity of the artist, who, that the attention may be drawn to the single point of the picture which is his subject, leaves the rest so obscured and slightly painted, that the mind loses it altogether in its attention to the principal feature.

HATS.

"Your bonnet to its right use."—*Shakespeare*.

NEWTON observed this Shakspearian injunction by always taking off his hat when he pronounced the name of God. This was a right use. The grandmother of Guy Faux devoted one to a strange use when she bequeathed her best velvet hat to a nephew. I have often wondered if he went to church in it! The grandeses of Spain treat their sacred sovereign with less respect than Newton showed for a sacred name. It is the privilege of the grandeses of Spain that they may stand with their hats on in the presence of their sovereign. There is but one noble in England so privileged—the head, so to speak, of the De Courcys, Earls of Kinsale.

It is just six centuries and a half since Philip of France sent over a knight to summon King John to answer for the murder of Prince Arthur, or abide by trial by combat. John had no relish to do either, but he looked round for a substitute willing to meet one of the alternatives. There was a gallant soldier in prison of the name of De Courcy. He had conquered Ulster for his master, Lackland, and had been rewarded with captivity because he had not done more. His fetters were struck off, and he was asked if he were willing to be champion for John in this bloody arbitrament. "No, not for him!" cried De Courcy, "but for my country, ay!" The adversaries met, yet did not come to an encounter; for the French knight, not liking the look of his gigantic foe, declined the combat, and so lost his honor. John and Philip, who were together present, directed De Courcy to give them a taste of his quality. Whereupon

the champion placed his helmet upon a post, and cleaving through the first into the second, his sword stuck so fast in the wood that none but himself could draw it out. "Never unveil thy bonnet, man, again, before king or subject," was the cheap privilege accorded him by the economical John; "but tell us why thou lookedst so fiercely round ere thou didst deal thy dainty stroke." "Because, had I failed, I intended to slay all who had dared to mock me." "By the mass," said John, "thou art a pleasant companion, and therewith Heaven keep thee in good beavers!"

It was long the custom for the De Courcys to wear their hat, but for a moment, in presence of their respective kings, just for the purpose of asserting their privilege, and then to doff it, like other men. The head of the family, at one of George the Third's drawing-rooms, thinking this not sufficient assertion of his right, continued wearing his court head-piece throughout the time he was in the "presence." The good old King at length extinguished this poor bit of pride, by bluntly remarking, "The gentleman has a right to be covered before me; but even King John could give him no right to be covered before ladies." The rebuke was most effectual; and De Courcy saw, to his horror, that the entire court, ladies, princesses, courtiers and attendants, were wreathed in a broad girdle of grins "all round his hat."

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Hats have been of divers service in battle. The plumed hat of Henry IV. was the rallying point of his followers. In later times, the head-covering was put to good purpose by a 'cute Highlander. In the Peninsular war, one of the 93d and a French infantry-man came upon one another in a wood. As their pieces were unloaded, they both rushed to the cover of a tree, in order to put their muskets in deadly order; but this done, neither was inclined to look out, lest the other should be beforehand with him, and let fly. At length the Highlander quietly put his feathered hat on the end of his piece, and held it a little beyond the tree, as though a head was in it, looking out. At the same moment the impatient Frenchman reconnoitered, saw his supposed advantage, and, from his rifle, sent a ball through his adversary's bonnet; thereupon the bonny Scot calmly advanced with his loaded piece, and took his enemy's prisoner without difficulty.

I do not know if it ever occurred to any one that hats had something to do with the dissolution of the Long Parliament; but such is the fact. As soon as Cromwell had declared that assembly non-existent, he flung on his hat, and paced up and down the Parliament Chamber. The members, however, were piqued by such truly cavalier swagger, and would not budge an inch. Cromwell called in Major Harrison and the guard. The major saw how matters stood, and he felt at once that he could get the ex-deputies out much sooner by courtesy than carbines. Accordingly he approached the Speaker, and taking off his own hat with much ceremony, he bowed low, kissed the fallen official's hand, detaining it at the same time with such gentle violence that the deposed dignitary was constrained to follow whether the very polite but unwelcome republican chose to conduct him. The major led him out of the hall, we are told, "as a gentleman does a lady, the whole Parliament following." Thus a hat in hand helped to do what a hat on head failed to accomplish; and the Long Parliament resisting rudeness, yielded to gallantry, and was demolished for ever.

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When Sir Edward Coke, in 1645, was trying Mrs. Turner, the physician's widow, as an accessory before the fact in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury (the poor woman had a *penchant* for poisoning people, but we have all our little foibles), he observed that she wore a hat;